STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION.

Y WILLIAM M. TOLBERT & Co.] "STATE RIGHTS AND STATE REMEDIES—THE SAFETY OF THE UNION." [$5 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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E RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION
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MS.—The STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC will be furnished to subscribers at $5 00 per in advance; $5 50 at the termination of six , and $6 00 if not paid until the expiration year.
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POETRY.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

n. WHITE: I furnish, according to promise, the e gem for your "Messenger," for the present ith, from the pen of that sweet writer, Mrs. L. H. ourney. It has never, I believe, appeared in print e, and was written by that lady, in my album, e summer of 1 36. During a short tour "down " on my return, I called upon Mrs. S. at her idence in Hartford, and spent a most delightful ning in her company—the recollection of which never pass away from my memory. The lines, it be perceived, have reference to that romantic ion of Pennsylvania, whose beauties, and whose py recollections, inspired the "Gertrude" of Camp- , and the "Zinzendorff" of Mrs. Sigourney.
Yours, very respectfully, J. C. M'C.

WYOMING.

Fair beauty hast thou, classic dell!
Of winding stream, and mountain swell—
And storied legend stern and high,
Of ancient border chivalry,
And ashes of the brave that sleep,
In hallow'd urn 'mid foliage deep.

Wyoming! oft the traveller's eye
Doth scan thy charms with ecstacy,
For the full tide of minstrel-song
Hath flowed thine echoing haunts along,
And martyr-courage, bold and free,
Bequeath'd its laurel crown to thee.

Hartford, Conn.

We copy from a late number of the Lady's Book e following severe rebuke of a degenerate son of w Hampshire, who passed himself off at Paris as a ung Englishman; written by a gentleman of Boston.

What! shall the pilgrim spirit quail
Beneath the palace of St. Cloud,
Where Franklin, with a giant voice,
Proclaim'd his birth to all aloud—
Shall it be said New England blood
Runs sluggish from its parent flood!

Ashamed of firm old Hampshire's soil,
Of hills that catch the morning sun,
Of hardy sires, and forest homes,
Of Stark who fought at Bennington?
Ashamed of these! the reckless knave
Deserves to fill a culprit's grave!

No! let the miscreant dare to press
With recreant foot his native shore,
And he shall hear in thunder tones
Like those which Erie's champions bore,
The tale of shame breathed o'er the land
By lips that scorn the coward's brand!

Ashamed of freedom! let the earth
Forget to claim her day and night,
Let stars in rocking phalanx reel,
And leave the heavens in wild affright;
But never be it told again,
There walks among the sons of men
The traitor, born of patriot race,
Who dares disown his native place.

THE BURIAL OF BEAUTY.

BY JAMES GRAHAME.

But wood and wild, the mountain and the dale,
The house of prayer itself—no place inspires
Emotions more accordant with the day,
Than does the field of graves, the land of rest.
Oft at the close of evening prayer, the toll,
The solemn funeral toll, pausing, proclaims
The service of the tomb; the homeward crowds
Divide on either hand; the pomp draws near;
The choir, to meet the dead, go forth, and sing
I am the resurrection and the life.
Ah me! these youthful bearers robed in white,
They tell a mournful tale; some blooming friend
Is gone; dead in her prime of years 'twas she,
The poor man's friend, who, when she could not give,
With angel tongue pleaded to those who could,
With angel-tongue, and mild beseeching eye,
That ne'er besought in vain, save when she pray'd
For longer life, with heart resign'd to die—
Rejoiced to die, for happy visions bless'd
Her voyage's last days, and, hovering round,
Alighted on her soul, giving presage
That heaven was nigh. O! what a burst
Of rapture from her eyes! what tears of joy
Her heavenward eyes suffused! Those eyes are close'd,
But all her loveliness is not yet flown.
She smil'd in death, and still her cold, pale face
Retains that smile, as when a waveless lake,
In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
Is sheeted, by a nightly frost, with ice,
Still it reflects the face of heaven unchang'd,
Unruffled by the breeze, or sweeping blast.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

SONNET—TO MY SISTERS.

Sweet sisters! ye are far away, and night
Has closed around us; dark and chill and damp,
And sullen with dull clouds. All by my lamp
Alone I sit, and in its tapering light,
Feel a calm sympathy with common things,
Which in the sun-bright day I've seldom found.
A few small well-known books are scattered round,
Silent companions of my wanderings;
Silent, and yet how eloquent! Alone
I may not call myself, while these are near;
Still less, when thinking of my sisters dear:
My fancy hears the sweet familiar tone
Of merry voices, as amid your glee,
Ye check the laugh sometimes, and talk awhile of me.
C. P. C.

From the Saturday Chronicle.

FRANKLIN.

BY LORD BROUGHAM.

One of the most remarkable men certainly of our times as a politician, or, of any age as a philosopher, was Franklin; who also stands alone in combining together these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain, and in this, that having borne the first part in enlarging science, by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part by founding one of the greatest empires in the world.

To this truly great man every thing seems to concur that goes towards the constitution of exalted merit. First, he was the architect of his own fortune. Born in the humblest station, he raised himself by his talents and industry, first to the place in society which may be attained with the help only of ordinary abilities, great application, and good luck: but next to the loftier heights which a daring and happy genius alone can scale; and the poor Printer's boy, who at one period of his life had no covering to shelter his head from the dews of night, rent in twain the proud dominion of England, and lived to be the Ambassador of a Commonwealth which he had formed; at the Court of the haughty Monarchs of France who had been his allies.

Then, he had been tried by prosperity as well as adverse fortune, and had passed unhurt through the perils of both. No ordinary apprentice, no common place journeyman ever laid the foundation of his independence in habits of industry and temperance more deep than he did, whose genius was afterwards to rank him with the Galileos and Newtons of the old world. No patrician born to shine in Courts, or assist a the councils of Monarchs, ever bore his honors in a lofty station more easily, or was less spoilt by the enjoyment of them than this common workman did when negotiating with Royal representatives, or caressed by all the beauty and fashion of the most brilliant Court of Europe.

Again, he was self-taught in all he knew. His hours of study were stolen from those of sleep and of meals; or gained by some ingenious contrivance for reading while the work of his daily calling went. Assisted by none of the helps which affluence tenders to the studies of the rich, he had to supply the place of tutors; by redoubled diligence, and of commentaries, by repeated perusal. Nay, the possession of books was to be obtained by copying what the art which he himself exercised, furnished easily to others.

Next, the circumstances under which others succumb he had made to yield, and bent to his own purposes—a successful leader of a revolt, that ended in complete triumph, after appearing desperate for years; a great discoverer in philosophy, without the ordinary helps to knowledge, a writer famed for his chaste style, without a classical education; a skilful negociator, though never bred to politics; ending as a favorite, nay, a pattern of fashion, when the guest of frivolous Courts, the life which he had begun in garrets and workshops.

Lastly combinations of faculties, in others deemed impossible, appeared easy and natural in him. The philosopher, delighting in speculation, was also eminently a man of action. Ingenious reasoning, refined and subtle consultation, were in him combined with strong resolution, and inflexible firmness of purpose. To a lively fancy, he joined a learned and deep reflection; his original and inventive genius stooped to the convenient alliance of the most ordinary prudence in every day affairs; the mind that soared above the clouds, and was conversant with the loftiest of human contemplations, disdained not to make proverbs and feign parables for the guidance of apprenticed youths and servile maidens; and the hands that sketched a free constitution for a whole continent, or drew down the lightning from heaven, easily and cheerfully lent themselves to simplify the apparatus by which truths were to be illustrated, or discoveries pursued.

His whole course both in acting and speculation was simple and plain, ever preferring the easiest and shortest road, nor ever having recourse to any but the simplest means to compass his ends. His policy rejected all refinements, and aimed at accomplishing its purposes by the most rational and obvious expedients. His language was unadorned, and used as the medium of communicating his thoughts, not of raising admiration, but it was pure, expressive, racy. His manner of reasoning was manly and cogent, the address of a rational being to others of the same order; and so concise, that preferring decision to discussion, he never exceeded a quarter of an hour in any public address. His correspondence upon business whether private or on state affairs, is a model of clearness and compendious shortness; nor can any state papers surpass in dignity and impression, those of which he is believed to have been the author in the earlier part of the American revolutionary war. His mode of philosophising was the purest application of the inductive principle, so eminently adapted to his nature and so clearly dictated by common sense, that we can have little doubt it would have been suggested by Franklin, if it had not been unfolded by Bacon, though it is as clear that in this case it would have been expounded in far more simple terms. But of all this great man's scientific excellencies, the most remarkable is the smallness, the simplicity, the apparent inadequacy, of the means which he employed in his experimental researches. His discoveries were made with hardly any apparatus at all: or with such simple machinery, that you might say he had done it wholly unaided by apparatus. The experiments by which the identity of lightning and electricity were demonstrated, were made with a sheet of brown paper, a bit of twine, a silk thread, and an iron key.

Upon the intregrity of this great man, whether in public or in private life, there rests no stain. Strictly honest, and even scrupulously punctual in all his dealings, he preserved in the highest fortune that regularity which he had practiced as well as inculcated in the lowest. The phrase which he once used when interrupted in his proceedings upon the most ardent and important affairs, by a demand of some petty item in a long account—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox, that treads out the corn"—has been cited against him as proving the laxity of his dealings when in trust of public money; it plainly proves the reverse; for he well knew that in a country abounding in discussion, and full of bitter personal animosities, nothing could be gained of immunity by refusing to produce his vouchers at the fitting time; and his venturing to use such language demonstrates that he knew his conduct to be really above all suspicion.

In domestic life he was faultless, and in the intercourse of society, delightful. There was a constant good humor and playful wit, easy and of high relish, without any ambition to shine, the natural fruit of his lively fancy, his solid natural good sense, and his cheerful temper, that gave his conversation an unspeakable charm, and alike suited every circle, from the humblest to the most elevated. With all his strong opinions, so often solemnly declared, and imperishably recorded in his deeds, he retained a tolerance for those who differed with him which could not be surpassed in men whose principles hang so loosely about them as to be taken up for a convenient cloak, and laid down when found to impede their progress. In his family he was every thing that worth, warm affections, and sound prudence could contribute, to make a man both useful and amiable, respected and beloved. In religion, he would be reckoned by many a latitudinarian: yet it is certain that his mind was imbued with a deep sense of the Divine perfections, a constant impression of our accountable nature, and a lively hope of future enjoyment. Accordingly his death bed, the test of both faith and works, was easy and placid, resigned and devout, and indicated at once an unflinching retrospect of the past, and a comfortable assurance of the future.

If we turn from the truly great man whom we have been contemplating, to his celebrated contemporary in the Old World, (Frederick the Great,) who only affected the philosophy that Franklin possessed, and employed his talents for civil and military affairs, in extinguishing that independence which Franklin's life was consecrated to establish, the contrast is marvellous indeed, between the Monarch and the Printer.

From the Saturday Chronicle.

THE EMPEROR AND HIS COMRADES.

A droll adventure occurred to the Emperor Alexander on the eve of one of the Imperial reviews. The Emperor was fond of walking about alone and unattended, and he often extended his pedestrian excursions to the distance of two or three leagues from St. Petersburgh. On the occasion here alluded to he had taken a very long walk, and finding himself much fatigued, he got into one of the public sledges.—'Drive to the Imperial Palace at St. Petersburgh,' said he to the iswotscilk (sledge driver.) 'I will take you as near to it as I can,' replied the man, 'but the guards will not allow us to approach the gates.' On arriving within a little distance of the Palace the sledge stopped.—'We must not go any further,' said the sledge driver. The Emperor jumped from the sledge, saying 'wait there and I will send some one to pay you.' 'No no,' replied the man, 'that will not do. Your comrades often make me the same promise, but they always forget to keep it. I will give no more credit. If you have not the money leave something with me until you get it.' The Emperor smiled, and unfastening the clasp of his cloak, he threw it into the sledge. 'Here,' said he, 'take this.' On ascending to his apartments he directed his valet-de-chambre to take fifty roubles to the iswotschilk who had driven him, and bring back his cloak. When the valet reached the spot where the Emperor had left the sledge, he found about twenty drawn up in a line. 'Which of you drove the Emperor?' inquired the valet.—No one answered. 'Who has got a cloak?' said the valet, pursuing his inquiry. 'An officer left a cloak with me,' exclaimed a sledge driver. 'Give it to me, and here is your fare.'—'Great St. Nicholas!' exclaimed the astonished driver, and seizing his reigns, he drove rapidly away, amidst the shouts of the assembled iswotchilks. This happened on the eve of one of the the grand reviews. After the troops had defiled, all the commanders of corps formed a group round the Emperor. 'Gentlemen,' said Alexander, 'I am much pleased with the fine appearance and excellent discipline of your troops.—But tell your officers from me, that they last night made me submit to the humiliation of my leaving my cloak in pledge for my honesty.'—Every one stared with astonishment. 'I assure you,' resumed the Emperor, 'the sledge driver who brought me home refused to trust me, because, he said, *my comrades*, often forgot to pay him.—*Vincenza's Recollections of St. Petersburgh.*

A REMARKABLE CHARACTER.—Dr. Radcliffe, of free spoken notoriety, who told William III. that he would not have his two legs for his three kingdoms, or Abernethy of our day, could not be more rude and unceremonious in manners than John Taylor. He charged all alike, rich and poor; and such a charge! hear it, O ye doctors!—eighteen pence a-week for medicine and attendance. It was plain he did not want to make a fortune; and yet, even at his rate, such were the immense number who flocked to him, he did make a fortune.—The rich, it is true, who received benefit from him, often made him handsome presents; but if they made these before they left, they got no better attendance than they would have done without—for it was his principle to do all that his art could for every one; and, if the poor never paid him, as many never did, he never asked them for it; they staid as long as they pleased, and they went when they pleased. They had lodgings in the cottages of the village, and I believe that it was owing to the need of lodgings that the village itself sprang up. There was a subscription-box kept to help such of the poor as could not help themselves; and when John Taylor heard of any cases of great need amongst them, he would carry round the box himself amongst the more affluent of his patients, and contribute liberally too. It was no wonder that such numbers hastened to the Whitworth Doctor. The medical men of the neighborhood, of course, exerted all their influence against the spread of John Taylor's extraordinary reputation, and carefully trumpeted about all the cases in which they could learn that he had been unsuccessful; and no doubt there were plenty of these, especially as almost every patient who went to him had been under the hands of a regular practitioner till his faith had failed, and a great proportion of them were such as had been dismissed from hospitals and infirmaries as incurable. But John Taylor cared for none of these things. It was his daily delight to deride the skill of the medical men of the country; and sure enough, he had always before him plenty of instances of signal failures on their part. "Ay," he used to say, as he sat dressing his patients, and looking round him on perhaps such a group of cripples and invalids as no infirmary in England contained, "the doctors call me a quack and a horse doctor; but who have been doctoring you, I wonder? What makes you all come to Whitworth, eh! if you have good doctors at home! I should like to know that. Can any one tell me that?"—And then he would laugh, and tell them what had passed between himself and some of the neighboring doctors. "A famous doctor of Manchester," said he, on one occasion, and naming a leading physician, "met me the other day, as I was going along the street. 'Well, John Taylor,' said he, 'you go on killing as usual, I suppose.' 'Ay,' replied I, to humor the man, 'but at a somewhat cheaper rate than thou dost.'" That John did some signal cures there can be no question. It is probable that his clear, strong head, and an intuitive turn for surgery, gave a precise knowledge of what his drugs and applications could effect, and that his boldness carried him through what more scientific hands dare not have undertaken. I knew a lady well who had been given up by the ablest surgeons of her neighborhood. Her complaint was cancer in her breast. Though living a hundred miles from Whitworth, she resolved as a last resource, to go to John Taylor. When John examined the breast, he looked at her and said—"What art thou come here for, woman?" The lady, who was a woman of dauntless heart, replied, "To be cured, to be cured." "Cured!" said John in a stern voice, "not all the doctors in England can cure thee; thou may go home and die!" "I tell you, John Taylor," replied the lady, "I shall do no such thing. I came here to see whether you were as much cleverer than other men as your are represented. Try your hand, John Taylor, on me.—You think I am afraid of being hurt, but you are mistaken: I can bear what you can inflict; and I say try your hand; let it be kill or cure. I can but die at last." "Thou art a brave lass," replied John, in evident surprise: "then I will try, and God prosper us both!" The lady remained there six months, and during that period she suffered as much as it was possible for any human creature to bear; but she came home a sound woman, and lived thirty years afterwards. I have often sat, when a boy, and heard her tell what had passed at Whitworth. Dr. John, as he was called, had then two sons grown up, who assisted him, George and James.—George was married' and Mrs. George acted as the compounder of the medicines, and the lady who seemed herself to catch the spirit of the place, used to help her. The principal remedies used were, a diet-drink to purify the blood, an active caustic, called by the appropriate name of "Keen," with which they eradicated cancers, a spirituous liniment, called "Whitworth Red Bottle;" a black salve; a snuff of wondrous virtue for the head, and blisters. All these Mrs. George and the lady found abundant occupation in preparing, and in the most primitive manner. They used to boil a whole kettle of ingredients for the black salve; then mop the flour, and fling the salve out upon it while it was wet; after which they cut it into portions and rolled it into little sticks. They made diet-drinks by gallons, and made pills by the thousand. Dr. John was not only sought by patients of high rank at Whitworth, but he was, on several occasions, sent for to them at considerable distances. One of these journeys was to Cheltenham, to attend a lady of high rank—a Duchess—where arriving, and finding her surrounded by a great number of people, he ordered all out but the husband and maid; and, ascertaining that the complaint was an abscess, with her permission he opened it, and gave her instant relief. This raised such an opinion of his skill, that George III., who was there with his family, afterwards sent for him to the Princess Elizabeth, who had a complaint in the head which resisted all the skill of the royal physicians. John Taylor gave the Princess some of his famous snuff, and eventually relieved her. Of some of the characteristic passages which occurred then, we shall speak anon. When I visited Whitworth, old John Taylor was dead, and his son James, and two sons of George, (then dead too,) were the doctors. I remember James as a stout man, in a blue coat, about fifty years of age, having much the appearance of a respectable farrier. The elder of the two nephews appeared a fine, active young man of three or four and twenty; the other a youth two or three years younger.—*Tait's Magazine.*

THE MISSISSIPPI.

It is surely no misnomer that this giant stream has been styled the "eternal river"—the "terrible Mississippi;" for we may find none other embodying so many elements of the fearful and sublime. In the wild ice-lake of the far frozen north, amid a solitude broken only by the shrill clang of the myriad water-fowls, is its home. Gushing out from fountains, clear as the air-bell, it sparkles over the white pebbly sand-beds, and breaking over the beautiful falls of the "laughing water,"* it takes up its majestic march to the distant deep. Rolling onward through the shade of magnificent forests, and hoary castellated cliffs, and beautiful meadows, its volume is swollen as it advances until it receives into its bosom a tributary—a rival—a conqueror, which has roamed three thousand miles for a meeting: they meet, and its original features are lost forever. Its beauty is merged in sublimity. Pouring along in its deep bed the heaped up water of streams which drain the broadest valley on the globe—sweeping on in a boiling mass, furious, turbid, always dangerous, tearing away from time to time its steep banks, with their giant colonnades of living verdure, and then, with the stern disposition of a conqueror, throwing them aside again, governed by no principle but its own lawless will—the dark majesty of its features summon up an emotion of the sublime which defies contrast or parallel. And then, when we think of its lonely course—journeying onward in its proud, dread, solitary grandeur, through forests dusk with the lapse of centuries—pouring out the ice and snow of arctic lands, through every temperature of clime, till at last it heaves free its mighty bosom beneath the line—we are forced to yield up ourselves in uncontrolled admiration of its gloomy magnificence. And its dark, mysterious history too—those fearful scenes of which alone it has been the witness—the venerable tombs of a race departed, which shadow its water—the savage tribes that yet roam its forests—the germs of civilization luxuriating upon its borders, and the deep solitudes, untrodden by man, through which it rolls, all conspire to throng the fancy. Century on century, and cycle on cycle, have rolled away—a hundred generations have arisen from the cradle, and flourished in their freshness, and withered in the tomb; and the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, and the Cæsars and the Caliphs, have thundered over the nations and are passed away; and here, amid these terrible solitudes, in the stern majesty of loneliness, and power, and pride, have rolled onward these deep waters to their destiny!

There is, perhaps, no stream which presents a greater variety of features than the Mississippi, or phenomena of deeper interest, whether we regard the soil, productions, and climate of its valley, its individual character, and that of its tributaries, or the outline of its scenery and course. The confluents of this vast stream are numerous, and each one brings in a tribute of the soil through which it has roamed. The Missouri pours out its waters heavily charged with the marl of the Rocky Mountains, the saffron sand of the Yellow-stone, and the chalk of White river; the Ohio holds in its floods the vegetable mould of the Alleghanies, and the Arkansas and Red rivers bring in the deep-dyed alluvion of their banks. Each tributary mingles the spoils of its native hills with the general flood. And yet after the contribution of so many streams, the remarkable fact is observed, that its breadth and volume seem rather diminished than increased. Above the embouchure of the Missouri, fifteen hundred miles from the Mexican Gulf, it is broader than at New Orleans, with scarce one-tenth of its water, and at the foot of St. Anthony's Falls, its breadth is but one-third less. This forms a striking characteristic of the western rivers; it owes, perhaps, its origin partially to the turbid character of their waters: as they approach their outlet they augment in volume and depth, and impetuosity of current, but contract their expanse. None, however, exhibit these features so strikingly as the grand, central stream; and while for its body of water, it is [illegible] west stream known, it is charged [illegible] solutions, and has broader alluvions [illegible] other. The depth of the stream is constantly varying. At New Orleans, it exceeds one hundred feet. Its width is from half of one to two miles. The breadth of its valley is from six miles to sixty. The rapidity of its current is from two miles to four. Its mean descent is six inches in a mile; and its annual floods vary from twelve feet to sixty, commencing in March and ending in May. Thus much for statistics.

Below its confluence with its turbid tributary, the Missisippi, as has been observed, is no longer the clear, pure, limpid stream, gushing forth from the wreathy snows of the north-west, but it whirls along against its rugged banks, a resistless volume of heavy swelling floods, and its aspect of placid magnificence is beheld no more. The turbid torrent heaves onward, wavering from side to side like a living creature, as if to overleap its bounds—rolling along a deep-cut race-path through a vast expanse of low-land and meadow, from the exhaustless mould of which are reared aloft those enormous shafts, shrouded in the fresh emerald, or the tasteless parasites, for which its alluvial bottoms are so famous. And yet the valley of the endless river cannot be deemed heavily timbered, when contrasted with the forest hills of the Ohio. The sycamore, the elm, the linden, the cotton-wood, the cypress, and other trees of delicious foliage, may attain a greater diameter, but the huge trunks are more sparse and more isolated in recurrence.

But one of the most striking phenomena of the Mississippi, in common with all the western rivers, and one which distinguishes them from those which disembogue their waters into the Atlantic, is the uniformity of its meanderings. The river, in its onward course, makes a semi-circular swoop, almost with the precision of a compass, and then it is precipitated diagonally across its channel to a curve of equal regularity upon the opposite shore. The deepest channel, and the most rapid current, is said to exist in the bend; and thus the stream generally infringes upon the bend side, and throws up a sand bar on the opposite shore. So constantly do these sinuosities occur, that there are said to be but three reaches of any extent between the confluence of the Ohio and the Gulf; and so uniform, that the boatmen and the Indians have been accustomed to estimate their progress by the number of miles. One of the sweeps of the Missouri is said to include a distance of forty miles in its curve, and a circuit of half that distance is not uncommon. Sometimes a "cut off," in the parlance of the waterman, is produced at the bends, where the stream in its headlong course has broken through the narrow neck of the peninsula around which it once circled. At [illegible] called the "grand cut-off," steamers [illegible] through an isthmus of less than one mile, where formerly was required a circuit of twenty. The current in its more furious stages often tears up islands from the bed of the river, numerous sand bars, and points, and sweeps off whole acres of alluvion, with the superincumbent forests. In the season of floods, the settlers in their log-cabins are often startled from their sleep by the deep, sullen crash of a "land-slip," as such removals are called.

The scenery of the Mississippi, below its confluence with the Missouri, is, as has been remarked, too sublime for beauty; and yet there is not little of the picturesque in the views which meet the eye along the banks. Towns and settlements, of greater or less extent, appear at frequent intervals; and the lowly log-hut of the pioneer is not to be passed without attracting notice, standing beneath the tall, branchless columns of the girdled forest trees, with its luxuriant maize fields sweeping away in the rear.

* Indian name for the Falls of St. Anthony.

THE ELOQUENCE OF THE WEST.

As contrasted with of the East, presents many striking peculiarities. The eloquence of the East is sober, passionless, condensed, metaphysical; that of the West is free, lofty, agitating, grand, impassioned. The East is pure, chastened down to a defiance of critical censure, sharpened down to a fineness too razor-like to cleave the mountains or curve the rocks; the West defies and transcends criticism—unbosoms mighty thoughts, applies motives to human mind as strong as the rush of a whirlwind, in language varied yet strong, and if ever defective, yet grand. The thoughts of the West are large. In the East, a river means the brawling and foaming Merrimac, the mountains-fed Kennebec, or the poetic Connecticut; in the West, the same word means the proud flow of waves too wide to roar, and tincturing half the Globe in their course. In the East, a plain means a patch of earth hedged in by circumambient mountains, defended on either hand by rock and water; in the West, a plain means an expanse of territory over which the sun rises and sets through a thousand successive horizons, and above whose carpet of verdure heaven spreads out half her stars. In the East, a wind means a blast which wrestles with the mountain beech or maple, or plays fitfully with the fallen snow; in the West, the same word means the roaring impulse which accumulates about the head waters of the far-wandering Missouri, passes a distance in which Europe and Asia might be laid out in length and breadth, and pours its vast volume of tornado into the Gulf of Mexico.—*Maffit's Lecture.*

'O Lord! here's a going to be one of the greatest bear fights you ever did see! Oh Lord, help me—but if you can't help me, for God's sake don't help the bear!'

ANCIENT SIMPLICITY.—Paulding in his Life of Washington, gives the following little anecdote of the mother of this great man: 'She was once present and occupied the seat of honor at a ball given to Washington at Fredericksburg, while in the full measure of his well earned glory, and when nine o'clock came, said to him with perfect simplicity, "Come, George, it's time to go home."'